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The Abbotsford Post

VOL. IV., No. 5. ABBOTSFORD, B. C., FRIDAY, DECEMBER, 8, 1911 8 $1.00 PER YEAR

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To be successful in any business or undertaking is one of the grand ambitions of the human race. The proportions of success and failure, especially the latter, do not always suit the majority, however that does not prevent man from putting all his energy, time money and experience behind his efforts to attain even that moderate degree of success that places him in the eyes of his fellow man as worthy of their smile and approval and there is no discounting the fact that htat what the public think in a general way of the progress a man makes in his own private affairs has considerable to do with his determination to succeed at all hazards and against great odds. Public approbation has built up many a man's business, if not directly, it has directly. The fact that a man is marking time and progress in such a manner as to be noticed by his friends and acquaintances proves a good advertisement, as "people will talk" and the kind of words spoken from mouth to mouth and passed from ear to ear when a man is "doing well', brings him the trade that builds up his business Abbotsford and district is fortunate in having men who by their single and united efforts are ambitious to build up a prosperous community in this "neck of the woods." Among the many who by their single achievements are helping themselves as well as the town and district are Messrs E. & G. Giroday, proprietors and owners of the St. Anne's Poultry Farm situated about a mile south-east of Abbotsford These gentlemen purchased a part of the Fraser estate last spring and started in the poultry raising, making a specialty of the S. C. White Leghorn. Already their success is attracting wide spread attention and visitors to Abbotsford are told of the successful men on the hill near the town

A number of hens were purchased and also some eggs and the incubators started working last April, and during the season some 2600 chickens were hatched. They have now about 1150 in their chicken yards; some of the finest and most handsome of thier kind.

On the occasion of a recent visit to the farm by a representative of this paper it was found the proprietors had four building about 75 feet long and 12 feet wide. These were divided into apartments 6x12, each containing from fifteen to twenty birds each. For each pen is a run 20 feet long and enclosed by wire netting.

It is the intention to build four more houses 75x12 at an early date and the contract has been let for a brooder 110 feet long which will contain an incubator house 50x21

Many of the birds to start with last spring were purchased from Mr. J. J. Wilson of Lulu Island and also a large number of eggs for hatching; but an endeavor is being made to have a definite strain all their own.

The colony coops were used last spring.

That the farm will be on a strictly self supporting and paying basis at the end of the first year is the ambition of the owners. At the time of the visit about two weeks ago the young pullets were laying. Careful attention is being made along this line and records made of each, so as to produce an extra fine strain of laying hens.

Every citizen of Abbotsford and district are united in their praise of of the manner in which the Giroday Bros are advertising Abbotsford.

WESTERN CANADA POWER Co.

The Western Canada Power Company will soon be in Abbotsford with their light and power.

Mr. John Montgomery and Mr. Vogel, contract agent and local superintendent were in town this week completing arrangements for the Company.

A site has been chosen for a sub station in Abbotsford, and the deal completed this week. It is the intention to build a temporary building, frame, for the present about 18x24; but a fine stone and brick structurre will be erected later.

The cable across the Fraser was laid this morning, and it is expected the company will be doing business in the course of two or three weeks at the outside.

A SAD ACCIDENT

Victor E. Hetherington, who met with such a serious accident at the Coglan sub-station on Thursday last, died on Saturday at at the Columbian hospital New Westminster, and was buried in the Masonic cemetery on Tuesday last He remained conscious from the time of receiving the 40,000 volts to the time of his death.

The deceased was a young man 34 years of age and leaves a wife and little daughter about nine years of age, to mourn the loss of husband and father.

The family came to reside in Abbotsford this last spring, arriving in Scotland; but the bereaved will have the sympathy of all in this their time of sorrow.

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A NEW PARSONAGE

A meeting of the members of St Matthews church was held this week on Wednesday evening to further the arrangments for the new rectory. The tenders will be called for and the work of building begun right away. It is intended that the new home for Rev. Mr. Yates be completed and he comfortably settled therein before Easter The plans show a handsome building and in keeping with the progressive future of Abbotsford.

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ANNUAL CHRISTMAS TREE

The annual Christmas tree will be given in the Presbyterian church on Friday, December 22nd.

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The engagement of Miss Helen M T. Taylor and Mr. Chas B. Hill Tout is announced. Miss Taylor is the only daughter of Rev. G. W. Taylor, curate of Dominion Biological Station, Departure Bay, Nanaimo. The wedding will take place early in the spring.

REQUIRED IN ABBOTSFORD

A good Steam Laundry
A good Dentist.
A good Watchmaker.

Since the above was set in type Mr Geo C Clark of the Abbotsford Boot and Shoe Emporium informs us that a watchmaker will very shortly locate in Abbotsford and arrangemnts have been made with Mr. Clark for a small space in his store, until larger quarters can be arranged for. Mr. William Campbell is the name of the new watchmaker, he having recently sold out his business in the upper country. Chase up all the old watches and clocks that have accumulated around the house since your residence in Abbotsford and have them in readiness when he starts in business To keep Mr Campbell and make him like Abbotsford, he must be kept busy at his chosen occupation. Make him believe in Abbotsford the moment he arrives and the list of "Boosters" will have a new member.

A FOOTBALL JAUNT

On Saturday week last the junior football team journeyed from Mission to Mt. Lehman to play it's fourth league game. Half of the team made the trip in a specially chartered launch, and the rest in the Beaver. The Beaver got there first, the launch having only about seven breakdowns on the voyage. On arriving at the landing the team was dismayed to find that the grounds lay four miles out and no conveyance in sight. After about a mile a store was reached and its whole available stock biscuits was bought up. Much refreshed the players tramped the remaining three miles and appeared on the field at three o'clock. At first the field appeared to be a vast lake but on examination a little land was found between the pools. On eleven of these hillocks the players took their places and the game began. Owing to the lateness of the hour only thirty minutes could be played each way and twenty of these had passed before Catchpole ger just now and about two mission goal had one moment of danrann right in and scored. Th Minutes later Catchpole scored again from a splendid centre from Cox the outside left. Half time came soon after and in the following half Mt. Lehman played a rushing game, Time and again they brought the ball down but always it would stop dead in a puddle and sheets of water would fly around. The game ended two to nil in favor of Mission. Referee Lehman was very fair and satisfied all. The team then made another long tramp towards the river and found after an hour's trying that the launch was on strike att he thought of carrying thirteen home and refused to budge. The party then decided to return by the Canadian Northern treack to the dyke As the track was covered with soft mud most of the way the going was enchanting. and much joy was felt when the dyke was reached. So weary, after about fifteen miles walking and a hard game the party arrived home at ten o'clock to the tune of "We're here because we're here"

Mission deserves great credit for this win as they took only six of their regular players down.—Contributed.

THE ABBOTSFORD POST

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Our Shibboleth—Neither for nor agin' the Government.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1911

In today's issue the fourth of a series of lessons on singing by Chas F. Ward, Director of The Columbia Conservatory of Music, Vancouver, B. C., is presented. These lessons will be found of great value not only to the young, but to the advanced singer, and are worthy of careful perusal. The first lesson appeared in this paper about a month ago The series will be continued for some time.

—o—

Lessons on Singing

BY CHAS F. WARD

LESSON FOUR

The more closely we study human knowledge and thought the more closely do we perceive that the word "imagination" has more compass and depth of meaning than any other word which we apply to our faculties. It includes all we possess of constructive power —the power of holding masses of [illegible] and continuously in the field of vision as to enable us to discover their unity and the laws which govern them; in other words, science—the power of seeing the permanent in transitory the universal in particular; in other words philosophy—the power of perceiving and ralizing the soul of things visible, and out of the real constructing of ideal; in other words, art—the power of discerning the spiritual behind the material, the creator behind the creature, in other words, religion.

The pharanx, or pharyngeal cavity, is the basis of resonance, therefore the greatest importance in tone production. The reinforcement of sound is resonance gained by using cavities. Just above the gums of the top teeth willbe found [illegible]; this cavity is one of the chief focal points of the voice. Tones should be aimed forward into this cavity, vibrating back into the pharyn, thus gaining in power and resonance Very many people think that an open mouth is the only necessary thing to sing an open mouth is not necessary to opening the throat. The mouth be opened so wide as to narrow the pharynx, thereby closing the throat to a certain extent. Always inhale through the nose, as the mucous membrane of the pharynx is exceedingly sensitive. This is the way to keep your throat in good health.

Caution should be taken in regard to eating heartily just before singing for any length of time, as whatever affects the stomach also affects the throat, the sympathy between the two being great. A full stomach also stands directly in the way of good management of the breath, being an effectual obstacle to diaphramatic action.

Having conquered deep breathinug, feel that you can spread it right around your body at the lower ribs.

To control your breath, imagine you are wearing a pliable belt, while you inhale endeavor to strerch the belt all around. When you exhale, still keep the belt stretched or filled by a steady but not too stationary pressure out. By controlling the diaphragm the spending of the breath is controlled.

We must control the diaphragm by controlling the muscles of the waist.

Through all we must keep an active chest.

(Continued on Page Four.)

THE BACKWOODSMAN

By Acton Seymour

He admitted that he would not have liked it, but the admission rather added to his general discontent It was only when he bade her good-by, that day, took his leave of her in the sanctity of the woodbine bower which their affection had consecrated, that the old faith and understanding seemed to spring into line again between them For she wept bitterly once more the clinging, dependent little sprite whose impracticability and elfish whims had bewitched his Puritan senses And he was again the protecting genius, loving her the more passionately the more dependent sh became.

For most of his journey North, memory of that sweet abandon of her will and her loyalty to him kept him brave and shut those other doubts out of his mind. Even her lack of perfect sympathy with his ambitions seemed a precious part of her winsome nature And by dint of glorification of her weakness he stamped the life out of that little serpent of doubt that had hissed a hint that she might be selfish in asking him to stay — might, later be beguiled into solacing herself for his absence

II

At Norray Junction, next day, he stepped down out of his Pullman and out of his dreams He stopped thinking exclusively about Mary Larocque, and began to think pretty diligently about the Great Trust Company

He had a vague idea that certain woods' gentlemen, named Smart and Niles, would be waiting eagerly and humbly at the car steps Norray Junction had a station building a tank on stilts, and coal sheds Across the platform was a train, plainly ready for upcountry He saw his trunk banged to the platform from the main-line train, and slammed into the baggage car across the platform it had been checked through Therefore, his course was made plain to him But no inquiring Niles or Smart stood beckoning within range of his vision

The smoking car, he could see, was filled with men wearing blanket coats and plaid jackets, uniforms of woodsmen. In the door of the car a burly man had braced himself occasionally thrusting back with fist or moccasined foot men who lurched up the aisle and tried to squirm out past him.

The brakeman, waiting for the conductor's word, stood by the steps looking on with a grin.

"Another crateful for the Great Trust," said the brakeman as George reached him. "Shipped pickled as usual"

Suspicion here sprang in George

"That big man — is his name Niles or Smart?"

"Nope—Kyle 'Big Bill,' they call him Great-driver for the G T Huncoshes in the new crews"

The forester mounted the car steps Here at least was a Great Trust Co man Kyle's great arms and sturdy legs barred the door with effective triangles His head reached to the lintel, and a grizzled mustache, that ran down his cheeks and thrust out like horns from his jaws, seemed to bar in the upper part of the door

He did not make way for George.

"There's a smoking place for drummers in the combination car, back," he advised the young man "You don't want to get in here They'll be fighting before they've gone ten miles"

The giant was bluffly good-natured

"I'm a Great Trust Co man, myself," George hastened to inform him "Forestry department I'm looking for Mr Niles or Mr Smart"

"Don't hurt your eyesight — you'll strain it if you try to look to where they've gone"

He stopped to kick another persistent inebriate back into the smoky interior of the car

"But they were to meet me here—they were to wait for me here," insisted George

"Civ Niles and Lynch Smart don't wait, not when they get started for the woods," stated the big man. "Where were you yesterday?"

"I was — was detained," stammered the young man

"Bad for you I saw them just before they took the train to come out here to the junction Told me they'd been sentenced to load themselves down with a tree-college dude They followed their part of orders And, to tell the truth young feller, I reckon they was glad of the excuse to give you the slip If you're slipped up on your part of orders, you can't blame t'other fellers"

"But they could have waited," George muttered "It was only twenty four hours"

"You couldn't expect them to roost twenty-four hours on that waterin' tank or this station platform And they ain't the kind of chaps to go back for fresh starts" He looked George up and down "Better give it up, hadn't you? It's a big country, north, to find men in when they're tryin' to keep away from you."

"Is that the kind of feelings the employees of the Great Trust have for each other?"

"Well," drawled Kyle, "Civ and Lynch ain't exactly the kind that will grab up a city tenderfoot and hug him hard — not real hard!"

"I'll go into this car, if you'll let me pass," said George curtly.

"Better ride with the drummers or the dames, back there!" Kyle was not rude, he was patronizing "Lately, the Great Trust Co is hirin' g'rillas, mostly — I mean for the gashin-fiddling job, and I'm takin' in forty ring-tailed ones this trip"

"Gashing fiddling!" repeated the forestor

"Why, cross-cut sawyers, man! Say, you are a tenderfoot, ain't ye?"

After that, and with that humorously tolerant grin beaming on him, George would have gone into a den of tigers rather than back into the protected peace of the rear coaches Somehow, he felt that his future reputation up that way rested on a little display of independence at that moment

The conductor had signaled a start, and Big Bill stepped back into the car, George at his heels

The boss strode the length of the "Set down, you arrub-bahoolies!" he bawled No one raised hand against him. The men only rubbed their smarting cheeks and simpered after him Some held bottles toward him placatingly But he refused roughly "Drink your own hoolah juice Get it all into you, and get over it and ready for work!"

He met the conductor in the centre of the car, and passed to him a little package of mileage books

"Tear out for Bill Kyle and forty!" He looked over his shoulder, and saw George "Make it forty-one You might as well ride on a company ticket," he broke in, when the forester demurred "The Great Trust Co pays for its men, and its' got more money than you or I have"

That business transacted, he tossed a man across the aisle in order to established himself alone in a seat, filled his pipe, and proceeded to solace himself with tobacco George found a place beside a man whom he noticed now for the first time, deciding that he was the only individual in sight beside whom that ride would be endurable

"Set in, mister," invited this person cordially "I've been afraid one of them ring-tailers would tumble in here — and if there's anything worse than the sound of wind in a knothole it's a drunken man talkin' to you"

He was an elderly man and his fuzzy silk hat and sun-faded, worsted suit made him a unique figure in that mob of woodsmen

"If gents can get together in a bunch like this," he remarked as George crowded in beside him, "gents better do it Have a segar?"

But, before he could produce a questionable weed, George had courteously rescued himself by explaining his preference for his brier pipe

"I smoke a pipe myself, mostly," agreed the elderly man, "but when I'm wearing my plug hat and, as you might say, attendin' to official duty, a segar seems to be more genteel. I'm on official duty, now I'll make myself known to you. I'm Governor Harriss, of Corran-cache."

He glanced sideways at George to note how the young man took the announcement. His seatmate seemed to

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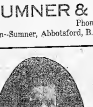

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be puzzled rather than impressed.

"'Governor,' I will say is an honorary title, that the boys along the river have given me, and at the same time it ain't so cussed honorary as a lot of titles be. What I mean to say is, some honorary titles mean that a man ain't got any power. But I have. I'm plantation assessor, constable, road commissioner, and justice of the peace, and quorum. Could have other offices, but don't want 'em. So the boys have put all titles into one and call me 'governor.' And I've took it, and I use it. I've got a lot of power up our way, and I ain't bein' called out of my name a mite when I'm referred to as "Governor' Harriss."

There was a challenge to this stranger in his tone. It was plain that other strangers had deprecated or ridiculated.

"It's pleasant to stand well enough among your neighbors to be called governor," agreed George, so frankly that he disarmed Mr. Harriss's hair-trigger suspicion. "And I'm glad to know you, for I'm headed for Corran-cache myself. And, by the way, that's a queer name for a town! I only heard it two days ago, when I was hired by the Great 'Trust Co."

Governor Harriss removed his cigar, and slowly faced around in his seat.

"Do you mean to tell me that you come from any place so far away that you never heard of Cornelius Corran, the duke of the Great Toban country, and the founder of the village of Corran-cache?"

"I'll not lie about my ignorance, sir; I never did."

Harriss replaced his cigar, and faced the front. "I ain't goin' to make comments, for I never believe in bein' disagreeable when words don't do a subject any justice. But if you never heard that such a man as Cornelius Corran ever lived, it may be that you never heard the news that Cornelius Corran has just died."

"It is news to me."

"Then, it probably didn't occur to you to be surprised to see me on official business wearing my plug hat—didn't occur to you that I might not be anything but an ordinary salve peddler traveling upcountry, hey?"

"I'll be honest. I didnt' think anything about it, or what you might be."

Governor Harriss puffed at his cigar, squinting his eyes at vacancy. "That shows how little a man can judge by his own inside feelin's what kind of an impression he's makin' on the world in general. But I'm pretty blunt, young man. I'm goin' to say to you that I believe you ain't been mixin' in very thick with the general public lately, not to know any more about the world's news than you do. You've either just come out of some college, or else you've been settin' in some back yard courtin' a girl!"

George was glad that his seatmate aisle, cuffing to right and left.

"A college feller thinks he knows too much to pay any attention to what the worlds doin', and the feller in love don't think about anything. And here Duke Cornelius, of the Great Toban, lays dead in his house at Corran-cache, leaving for heiress a daughter that is the handsomest girl in all the north country, leavin' half a million acres of timberland and all the men from St. Francis to St. Agathe to mourn him, leavin' five thousand dollars in hands of a committee, to be spent in one day in celebratin' his funeral, and the crowds now comin' from every village and loggin' camp two brass bands ordered, and me down to the city to get 'em!

"That's my official business, young man — to get them bands and an orator and a thousand-dollar coffin that's ahead of us, now — the coffin, I mean — out in the baggage car! All that happenin' and you settin' here beside Governor Harriss, comin' back from his official business, and not knowin' him from a corn doctor, or understandin' his business! My stars! That shows that this world needs something more than wireless telegraphin' to get news circulated!"

He sat for some time and dragged at his cigar, and gazed out of the window.

George was glad that the tumult in the car, recently stilled by Kyle's passage, broke out now afresh. A fight started up just behind them, and men rushed that way. An apology for his ignorance could not have been heard, and he could not think of a suitable one. Governor Harriss took off his plug hat, and guarded it on his knees.

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ABBOTSFORD, B. C.

[illegible] goin' to do when he's too far gone to recognize dignity."

Big Bill came up through the car, knocking men to right and left, battering down the innocent and the guilty, until he burst through the press and clutched the two who were battling. He tore them apart, cracked their heads together, left one, and dragged the other to the opposite end of the car.

"It's goin' to keep Bill Kyle pretty busy if he calculates on stopping every fight that's due in this section for the next three days," observed Governor Harriss critically. "Funeral committee reckons on spendin' at least three thousand on licker — and, seein' that it's been smuggled over from the States, you get more run in the dollar. The other two thousand will be spent on the barbecue. All outdoor cookin' for this feed! They got the fires to goin' before I came away."

He mentioned these details with a satisfied relish that jarred on George, considering the reason for the amazing demonstration.

"This strikes me as being a queer funeral you're talking about, if you'll pardon me for saying so. It sounds like a celebration of some sort."

"It is a celebration," stated Mr. Harriss calmly. "Celebration is called for by the will. That was Cornelius Corran's idea — to have his friends enjoy themselves."

He produced another cigar.

"Even these segars come out of the appropriation. Boxes open everywhere in the village; help yourself. That's why I offered you one," he added naively. "'Eat, drink, smoke, and whoop it up,' was the motto of Cornelius Corran, and he says, 'I want the boys all to remember me as that kind of a feller. I want 'em to look back and say that the last thing old Cornelius ever done was to give 'em the time of their lives.' And he's doin' it."

The old man eyed his silent companion slyly from the corner of his eye. "You don't think that's the right kind of a funeral to have, do ye, city feller?" he demanded.

"No, I don't!" blurted George. "It seems rather heathenish to me. Your Corran must have been a——"

"You'd better not pass comments on Cornelius, not at this time, in this section," spoke in Governor Harriss briskly, but calmly. "You're a stranger and young, and I'm advising you for your own good. Nobody ever ain't been in the habit of criticising the duke of the Toban. Nobody criticised how he got hold of most half a

(Continued Next Issue.)

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

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Mr. J. Blair was in town this week from Vancouver.

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Mrs. Buker from Aldergrove and Miss Strange from Bellingham spent last week end in Abbotsford with Mrs. Edson and Miss Heath.

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Miss Blanche and Anna McCallum spent a few days with friends in Vancouver this week.

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Mrs. McMenemy returned home from Roselyn, Wednesday.

Mrs. Alex. McCallum, Jnr., visited friends in Seattle this week.

Mr. Jack Anderson from Vancouver was in town Wednesday and Thursday. He is now selling Vancouver real estate.

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Miss Amy Heath is now assistant at "Central."

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Mr. J. J. McPhee was in Chilliwack this week.

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Miss Yenny was a visitor to New Westminster to-day.

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Rev. J. Campbell was a visitor to Mission City on Thursday, where Mrs. Campbell was visiting friends

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"If you can't be good, be careful"

The following conversation was over-heard on the high tension wire in a broad Hieland Brogue,

"Will ye no come to Vancouver wi me for a trip?"

"Not yet!"

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Mr. and Mrs. Archie Bailie of Vancouver, visited their daughter Mrs. Jeifs, over Sunday.

Langley and Abbotsford football teams will again meet on Saturday at 3 p.m., there being fair weather

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Rev. James M. Taylor, a Knoxville, Tenn., minister gave a lecture on South America in the Presbyterian church last week, but owing to the heavy rain there was a poor attendance. The lecture was a very instructive one and highly appreciated by those who attended.

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Excellent evangelistic meetings have been held this week in Mt. Lehman by Revs. Mr. Knight and Alder, assisted by A. Lockhardt The special meetings close on next Sunday, December 10th

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Mr. Marion has just returned from a trip to Ireland and the the Eastern States, but says he is glad to get back to the coast and Abbotsford. The climate seems to suit him better; snow is not half as nice as rain.

Mr. F. Fooks who is on his way home from a visit to friends in [illegible], writes a friend here from Winnipeg that he will be glad to get get back to B. C. and Abbotsford and district will be good enough for him for the rest of his days. Funny how everyone likes to be at home in Abbotsford.

STRAYED on to my premises about September 15th, two grade Holstein heifers, nearly black and one grade Holstein bull nearly white all about 1 1-2 years old

Owner can have same by paying expenses and proving property.

If not called for by December 16th will be sold by public auction at Abbotsford, B. C. to defray expenses.

Dated at Abbotsford November 16th, 1911.

A. N. STINSON.

HARRON BROS.
Embalmers and Funeral Directors
Vancouver, Office and chapel—
1034 Granville St., Phone 3486
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LEAVE YOUR ORDER EARLY
FOR XMAS CAKE
We can sell it cheaper than you can make it. Icing and decorating done
We also sell Almond Paste all ready to go on cake 50 cents a pound
Abbotsford, Bakery ALBERT LEE, PROP.

THE MARKET.

Quite a crowd of buyers was on the market at New Westminster on Friday morning last and they found more offerings than usual during the past few weeks. Meat at wholesale was plentiful, but the prices remained unchanged. Retail meat as usual was equal to the demand, and there were no changes in the prices. Vegetables at retail were more numerous than usual though the only change in prices was a slight increase on cabbage. Wholesale vegetables were very plentiful and exceeded the capacity of the buyers, though there was no change in prices. Fruit at retail was scarce, but there were plenty of apples and pears at wholesale, and they sold at rather higher prices than last week. Eggs, butter, honey, fish and wild ducks showed little change though the only ducks offered for sale were mallards, which brought $1.10 per brace as against $1.25 last week, and they all sold in short order.

One of the new features of the market was a phonograph that played popular airs, while the proprietor of the stand carved steaks and chops for his customers

The poultry market was pretty well up to the usual standard and some 200 crates of birds good, bad indifferent changed hands at varied prices.

There were birds of all description except geese and turkeys. All other branches of the poultry tribe usually to be found at a poultry market were there. There were a fair sprinkling of very good hens of the laying class which sold as high as $12 and $14 to small buyers who were anxious to add to their laying stock. A few pullets were offered which also seemed to be in demand by poultry fanciers.

Broilers sold all the way from $5 to $9 per dozen, and were mainly snapped up by Vancouver buyers. Spring chickens found ready purchasers at from $6 to $9 per dozen

Some good Pekin ducks were offered and readily purchased by dealers, at the average price of $8 per dozen.

The poultry market is keeping up wonderfully well and is almost double what it was a year or so ago. The farmers throughout the valley especially since the B. C. E. R., has done so much towards settling the transportation question are using the market as a means of disposing of their stock more freely than ever before.

Following are the quotations for the day;

[illegible] MEAT—

Veal, small	11 1-2 to 12 1-2c
Veal, large	9c to 10c
Mutton	10c to 11
Pork, per lb	12 1-2 to 13

[illegible] MEATS—

Beef, per lb	8 1-2c to 11c
Beef, best rib roasts	15c to 18c
Beef, loin	22c
Beef, round steak	18c
Boiling Beef	10c to 14
Pork	18c to 20c
Veal	15c to 20c
Mutton	12c to 20
Young Lamb	15c to 20
Dressed chicken, per lb	25c

VEGETABLES, Retail—

Vegetable Marrow	10c
Carrots per sack	75c
Onions, 5 lbs for	25c
Green Corn, doz	5c
Cabbage each	5c to 10c
Potatoes, sack	$1.[illegible] to $1.[illegible]
Carrots, bunch	5c
Beets, bunch	5c
Turnips, sack	75 to 85c
Parsley, bunch	5c
Eggs, retail per dozen	75c
Butter, retail, per lb	40c
Onions per sack	1.75
Honey, per lb	25c
Hens, small	$6.50 to $7.50
Hens small, retail	$7.50 to $8.50
Hens, large	$7 to $9
Hens, large, retail	$8.50 to $12
Chickens	$6 to $8
Broilers	$4 to $5
Ducklings	$7 to $9
Pullets	$9.00
Ducks	$10 to $13
Turkeys, live weight, per lb	30c

(Continued from Page Two.)

Exercise for frontal position—Imagine a line drawn from above your head. Direct it down through the head, nasal cavities and nose, [illegible] on this line. Follow with the word "knee" not separate, but on the breath. Use the breath as a rider on which to carry the word and make it as nasal as possible in tone. This will create a little nasality, will make you a little hoarse, and probably the voice a little tight but that will all wear away. I would advise a fairly good amount of power in singing for place. Use your voice fearlessly and you will gain voice, also a good mezzo voice.

Exercise for Frontal Position and Explanation of the Diaphragm—Imagine a line from the diaphragm up through the throat to to the cushions of the top teeth. Sing the word "mee" This must be sung in a broad "E", getting the same effect as you would if groaning or the same effect as the broad hum given in lesson two. Be sure you centre the mind on a line from the diaphragm and not from the throat.

This will leave your larynx down and throat open. Pay no attention to any hoarseness. Use judgment and remember that ten or fifteen minutes at a time at different times during the day will give you quicker and better results than in a longer time.

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THE OPPRESSED KID

I've just come home from Quimper's shack, and I am mighty glad I'm back! The way they treat their kid I swow, brings perspiration to my brow! He's eight years old, and fond of play, and they keep don'ting all the day. It's "don't do this" and "don't do that! Don't push those pins into the cat! Don't slam your fingers with the door! Don't fall down stairs and dent the floor! Don't float your toy boats in the sink! Don't drink your papa's writing ink! Don't play with matches or you'll get the house on fire already yet. Don't let the parrot have that clove! Don't put poor Fido in the stove!" And thus it goes the whole day long, the same old soul-depressing song. What wonder the the Quimper lad looks broken down and tired and sad? What wonder that his eyes are old What wonder that his feet are cold? Let the kids cut loose and play! A boy should have the right of way; and there's no reason, there's no rhyme, in don'ting him all the time!

WALT MASON

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That is a fine map that Abbotsford is on. In fact it is the only map, but all roads lead from Abbotsford, if you don't believe it see the Board of Trade envelope

Matsqui Hotel
MISSION CITY, B.C.
This hotel makes a specialty of home-like comforts for Commercial Travellers. Comfortable sitting-room and best of hotel service
Cuisine Unexcelled.
Rates: $1.50 to $2 per day
CHAS. E. DeWITT, Proprietor

Just a few words on
Air-Tight Heaters
15 Inch ---- $2.35
22 Inch ---- $2.85
21 Inch ---- $2.65
23 Inch ---- $3.15
24 Inch ---- $3.50
There are only sixty of these in stock Do you want one?
Perhaps a few prices on windows might interest you?
12x24, 4 Light Window ---- $1.65
24x24, 2 Light Window ---- $1.75
14x28, 4 Light Window ---- $1.85
24x28, 2 Light Window ---- $1.85
24x30, 2 Light Window ---- $1.85
28x28, 2 Light Window ---- $2.15
30x30, 2 Light Window ---- $2.25
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Call and get prices.
All work guaranteed
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Good Storage Room for Furniture.

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Feed & Grain Store
Don't forget
WHEAT $2.00
A sack
We buy Poultry
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Contractor and Builder
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all kinds, in large and small quantities. Windfalls and culls taken.
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